Killing Craig

By Verna M. Cyrette

Contents

1. Title Page
2. Copyright
3. Dedication
4. Disclaimer
5. Chapter One
6. Chapter Two
7. Chapter Three
8. Chapter Four
9. Chapter Five
10. Chapter Six
11. Chapter Seven
12. Chapter Eight
13. Chapter Nine
14. “Killing Craig”
15. Photos

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I dedicate this book to Craig, who is my rock, my strength, and my beloved soulmate. The love and lift of my life forever and ever…

And special thanks to the gals at Paper Hog, who copied this book for me.

The story you are about to read is true. The names, places, and dates have been changed to protect the innocent. Anything familiar or similar that is read is purely coincidental, and does not pertain to anyone subject therein. As the names, places, and dates are fictional. And should not be of interest to anyone.

Thank You.

Chapter One

It's a big blur as to when I really met Craig Duran Woodsman, but I truly believe it was the year 2000; so he was about thirty two years of age! I didn't fall for him right away; he actually thought I was Bill Kenebie's girlfriend, which was pretty funny, considering that Bill Kenebie was only a drinking buddy and I will say no more other than the fact he is a fat thief who likes to watch people get super drunk. If need be, Bill will help them out by drugging them so that he can steal their money. The telephone rang one day and I answered it; it was Bill. He asked me if he could bring a friend over to my house and I remember I told him that I didn't trust too many people. I had given in toward the end of the conversation, which I don't do too often, because I just don't trust a whole lot of people; that's the way it's always been with me.

My first memory of attraction toward Craig was in the Ferris Wheel bar, where I saw him in a positive chemistry light!! While he and Bill were playing pool, I would find myself gazing into his beautiful pale blue eyes!! He picked up on it and winked at me, and I felt a stir of excitement in me. I also noticed that Bill was handing him twenty dollar bills every so often. All I could piece together was that Bill had ripped off Craig's old-lady, Lucy, at that time, and Bill was only too happy to pay the good-looking creature off. All I remember is that Bill wanted me to play pool with Craig, and I kept saying, "No, no, no," because I was having more fun staring at Craig Duran Woodsman. He was thin and kind of short, but very good-looking. There was something very special about him, as I recall. His eyes, of course, got darker with age from year to year. That night in the Ferris Wheel, I went into a blackout. Craig told me later what took place at another bar: that I was talking nasty to him, but I don't know if he was giving me a line or what really took place. I remember when he first kissed me, though; it was in my living room. I was sitting on the floor, messing with the radio, and Craig reached down toward me and quickly kissed my mouth and my neck. Then, he shot for the door to

go get some smokes, and I found myself begging him to come back;just as quickly as he kissed me, he left.

Chapter Two

In January of 2003, I met up with Craig again. I got a call one day from Bill Kenebie saying he was in a motel over across the bridge; just four or five miles from where I lived. I was very excited. I had been drinking diet shakes and lost weight in my face, which was really important to me since it was easier to get a man to notice you, when you "looked good."

I felt like letting loose and letting my hair down so when I got off the city bus, I stopped at the liquor store and picked up a couple of six packs of malt liquor to help me unwind. Bill also said he wasn't alone and that there was a young native American there, as well. His name was Ross Sundown; he was only twenty one and very good-looking. The reason I knew he was twenty one was because I found a pawn slip in his black trousers that he had left behind. However, he had said that he was twenty three. When I got to the motel, it sounded like an argument was going down. The young man, Ross, was sitting in a corner by a lamp, and Bill and Craig were arguing. After I finished my first can of malt liquor, that's when I noticed that Craig was pretending to stab Bill!!!!! Craig had a small pocketknife, but did not injure Bill Kenebie at all. I must admit, I was turned on by the 'tough image' and 'bad boy' character that Craig displayed for me; it drew me to him.

I said, "Hey!!!!!! You guys want to go to my place and drink???"

Craig said, "Yeah!!! Let's leave Bill here alone."

Craig, Ross, and I walked to a nearby liquor store, and I bought a case of the strongest beer I could find. Then, I called a taxicab and we all proceeded to go to my place.

When all three of us jumped in the taxicab, I remember I said to driver, "Hey, aren't I lucky for having two guys?"

She said, "You sure are."

Craig, Ross, and I laughed as we all realized that we had left Bill Kenebie alone in a motel all by himself!!!! We thought it was rather

funny, since he would have sucked up all the beer—and that's a fact. I sure had a great time, and I will always remember it like it was yesterday; it's what brought Craig and I together.

As I can recall, I really did some fast drinking, and so did Ross and Craig; we all had a great time. I thought I was going to end up with Craig, but as things turned out, it got rather twisted that night; I'm still not sure as to why it even took place.

When we got to my house, I had slammed down a couple of beers and I did not waste any time to make my moves on Craig. To my surprise, Craig said he wanted to drink more beer, and that meant he did not want to go upstairs with me.

He said, "Ross, can you go up there with her?" According to what Craig said, Ross' eyes had lit up since he knew that we were going to have sex. As I can recall, we made love all night long; I was in and out of my head most of that night. When I started to come to, that's when he stopped having sex with me; it was like he knew that I was sobering up. But how? I can't even imagine. It was the strangest thing I have ever experienced in my entire life.

In the wee hours of the morning, I remember running down the stairs to see if Craig was still there; to my surprise, he was. I had been awakened by snoring, and I realized it was Ross who was snoring. That's why I panicked and ran to see if Craig had still been there, or if he had left. He was still there, and I was very glad because I did not know Ross that well, but in the heat of the moment, I knew him then. I felt a little guilty because it wasn't Craig that was lying beside me, so I grabbed Craig's arm and shook him awake.

He mumbled something like,"You better not let him catch you down here!" I felt scared, but why? Craig didn't want me, so why he was acting this way? It was unreal to me. So I went back upstairs and fell asleep.

Ross and I woke up to Craig walking around in my bedroom, with my red gloves on his hands. I said, "He's got my gloves on!! Why??"

He didn't answer me at all. He directed his conversation toward Ross at that time, saying we didn't have any more beer; that's all I can remember. My next memory is them taking a walk together to a bar, which was the next night, I believe. Craig said that Ross was hitting on another woman, and he didn't want me to trust Ross. And then there was the time that they had a run-in with Ross's dad, because there had been some talk of Craig calling his dad a bitch; Ross had pushed Craig out the front door. I felt bad for Craig, but there was nothing I could do for him since he had let me go to bed with Ross in the first place. So, that's that.

It didn't last very long with Ross and I, and I think Craig knew that it wouldn't. Strange as it may seem, that's how it turned out. I actually

thought that I was in love with Ross!!! That's how easily I fall in love, but it was nothing more than lust, and that is exactly what it was; lust.

Ross brought some friends over to my house, and one guy thought he could tell me what to do. I didn't go for that, and Ross labeled me a psycho, which I did not appreciate at all. After all, my feelings were hurt big time, but I got over it after a few more drinks; that's what it took to get over Ross. Ross had made me feel alive again, because he was so young, which made me feel young as well. He was the youngest man that I had ever been with in my entire life, and he'll probably be the only youngest guy that I'll ever be with.

Chapter Three

When I let Craig Duran Woodsman move in with me, I had not expected it, and it wasn't planned; it just happened. Nothing was said that I can recall. Oh yes, I take that back.

There was a time Craig walked through my house and said to me, "Anna, can I move in here?"

I replied, "How long?"

Craig said, "Forever."

I said, "forever is a long time!!"

He occasionally came over once in a while for sex and. of course, he was smart enough to use a condom. Craig thought he was going to catch something from me, and I don't know why because I was very clean; I had no communicable diseases. Craig used a condom with me for a long, long time; it had to be at least a year, although it seemed a lot longer!

I don't believe he cheated on me right away in our relationship and, if he did, he used a condom that he would carry in his wallet. He was pretty much devoted to me early on in the relationship.

He did not even pay rent until one day, Bill Kenebie said to him, "You should pay her something! Come on, Craig! Pay her at least a hundred dollars!"

Craig nodded his head in agreement, so it looked very promising. The rent started at one hundred dollars and then it got up to one hundred and fifty dollars; I remember throwing Craig's money at him! However, he was determined to stay with me, no matter what. Meanwhile, I was testing him, to see if he would leave me, but he didn't leave. I could not understand that for the life of me, since I had been on a path of being used by men that I had for boyfriends, who would leave me. This was totally unusual for me, but, in the end, he was just like all the other men; he wanted to have sex with other women, which I don't agree with at all! I do not believe in sharing, because that's not caring to me!

In the end, he somehow lost all of his self-esteem and did not use

any condoms! I was furious about it, as I recall, because I got a bacterial infection from Craig since he did not use a condom and cheating on me. Of course he lied to me and tried to keep it a secret. Twelve months later, I decided to go to the doctor, and that's when I discovered that I had a bacterial infection. That's not considered a disease, but it's considered an ordinary infection! For the first two years, Craig and I did not have any sexually transmittable diseases! Craig lived with me on and off for a total of three years, except for the times when he was in jail; it was always a violation of probation that sent him back to prison.

When Craig Duran Woodsman actually moved in with me is a vague clue. My memory from March 2003 isn't too clear, because every day was a party at my house! A non-stop party was not a normal lifestyle for me, even if I was born an alcoholic!

I had several men living with me at that time, and I remember how unusually happy I was since I was not alone anymore. It was different and exciting, but a bit strange; even my "Goody Two-Shoes" neighbors, who worked nine to five jobs, could not believe their eyes. In fact, the lady of the house made a comment to me, as if to say I was "doing all of them" and being illicit and sexual, which was not the case. My only boyfriend that I chose to have sex with was my one and only, Craig Duran Woodsman.

The rest of them were only "drinking-buddies," and I swear by that, totally.

Chapter Four

Raulind Plaines was someone I definitely wanted in the mix of my fantasy of what a party of a fun-loving partier's life would be like; he would be the ringleader, so to speak. He would be the mediator, if a fight or argument went out of control, and that he was; he was the leader of the pack, if you will. The combination was too perfect.

He was tough on the outside, but an ol' softie on the inside, and of course I had fun with him; he used to tell Craig that I owned them. I wasn't quite sure what that meant, but after he had passed away three years later, I figured it out. The last thing that Raulind said to me on my answering machine was, "I love you".

I felt very sad, but the memories were totally awesome. He used to call me "baby girl," and he was like a big brother that I never had. And I trusted him, which wasn't all that good for me in the long run. However, he was nice to have around, regardless of negativity that sometimes took place. He sometimes sold material things right under my nose, whichwere mine. I adored him so much that I over looked what he was doing.

For instance, he and Jack Storf cleaned out my sunporch once. He found my old coin purse and said in his sexy voice, "This is yours." I looked in the coin purse and I noticed money in it!

Raul said, "That's Mine." He took the money out, like the con artist he was, and handed me the empty coin purse. I had to have been under his spell; I adored having him around so much! It's no wonder I miss him as I do. I did, however, get even with him when he and Craig were arguing about money that Raulind owed.

Craig, Raulind, and I were all drinking, and I stopped the argument. I dug in Raulind's pants pocket, retrieved forty one dollars out from there, and handed it to my boyfriend, Craig! I wanted twenty dollars at least, but I ended up with ten dollars instead, after Craig had gone to the liquor store. It was rather funny because, when I grabbed the money out from his pocket, Raulind said, "Gimme my money back!" So, I gave him a dollar back and I laughed; Craig was happy! It was all

about some tools that fell out of an unknown person's pickup truck. Craig had picked them up and brought them home, and Raulind sold them right under Craig's nose!

Craig Duran Woodsman was special to me, in this respect; he played hard to get! He was uncertain of me at first, because his previous relationships that he had before me had failed. An elderly man, who I knew only briefly in my life, would refer to Craig as a "psychopath." He would tell me of some gossip that he had heard; that there was an unknown female from his dark and distant past. He told me that Craig had a "bitter break-up." I mentioned this story that I had heard from the elder, and Craig was quiet and sullen about it; he would not open up about this story I remember Craig told me that she was possibly one of his co-workers, when he was a certified nursing assistant. My only opinion about this tragic ending is that, in my eyes, Craig could be "cocky" and rude. To my knowledge, this is why a lot of his relationships did not work out.

On the other hand, I worked it out with Craig, out of love in my heart for him. I stuck by him, even when he was incarcerated. For the first year or two, when he was just getting to know me, he used a condom before we had sex each and every time. The first time we made love, it was so beautiful and I felt sensations I had never felt before with anyone else before! I was definitely hooked on Craig the very first time he ever decided to touch me, but I really don't know why. I guess that's why love is a strange thing. Little did I know that up ahead, our relationship would have all these "ups and downs."

The main thing is that we survived it together; as far as I know, we still are in that process, as I speak. I only met one of Craig's brother's, Ralph Woodsman. Craig told me that he comes from a family of seven; four boys and three girls. From the sound of it, Craig took a lot of heat from his own father, Roy Woodsman. I never personally met him, but I have talked briefly with him over the telephone a couple of times. I've seen pictures of him and Craig's mother. Craig showed a lot of love for his mother when he talked about her, but not so much of his father, and I will tell you why.

Craig told me that his father, Roy Woodsman, would sneak up to his bedroom and spank him with a leather belt after everyone went to sleep, for no apparent reason. If one of his other siblings got into trouble during the day while his father was at work, and Roy heard about it when he arrived home, he would take it out on Craig, because he was the smallest of all the boys. The youngest was Ralph Woodsman; he was younger, but taller, and all of Craig's brother's were tall and within normal range. Craig, on the other hand, was born premature and was only five foot seven; he also had small hands and small feet. In fact, Craig did not look like any of his brothers, which

must have made it easier for Craig's father to pick on him; he did not measure up in his father's eyes. He would eye him up as "The Runt," and sit in his living room chair like an "Archie Bunker" with his tee-shirt and shorts on. He would give out orders to Craig and his siblings, and watch sports and news on the television when he was home from work. Craig told me about his father's beatings with the belt, which went on for several years. One day, as Craig was entering into his teenage years, he took the belt from his father and hit him with the belt buckle. He abruptly told his father, "Come and hit me again with this belt one more time, and I'll make you eat it!!!" After Craig told this to his father, he never snuck up those stairs again; ever again. That was the last time that Craig had to deal with his drunken, abusive dad ever again. Because now he earned his father's respect.

When Craig was between the ages of nine and twelve, one of his older sisters tried to be incestuous with him! I don't know what really happened but, of course, Craig told me that nothing became of it; unless it was Craig's dirty little secret. It does baffle me, but I'm glad I don't have to live with a secret like that. That just may explain why Craig became a full-blown alcoholic; because of his past. It did not help him make proper choices, since he had been unloved and unwanted by his own dysfunctional family.

When Craig was a teenager, his first girlfriend's name was Libby Wilkes, and they were both virgins until they had sex, of course. Craig's was the usual story; he caught her in bed with his best friend, which ended his relationship with Libby Wilkes. Craig was very hurt emotionally, and this is what brought on his promiscuity; I know this from my own experience. I've been there, done that, so to speak. I'm not sure if Craig really got over his first heartbreak, since it made him into a heart throb and a heartbreaker, as well. It was an act of vengeance when he would get involved with women, in general. Women would reflect that negative hurt from his past. That's why, I believe, he would take his time to get to know a woman first: to test his boundaries with her, and to see how much he could get away with regarding what he would want out of the relationship.

Craig, to me, remains a mystery, even to this day; mysterious, aloof, and domineering when he wanted to be. Sex became a tool to him, as well as a weapon, when it came to his first heartbreak. He would "get in" and "get-out" as fast as he could, and the poor woman would not know what really happened. He could leave you gasping for air or leave you dangling in the relationship. A person, no matter who they were, would never know what his next move would be. It was like a game to him, and the woman was an unfortunate piece in his game of cat and mouse. I remember when Craig would make deals with me, while we were in the middle of having sex, he would talk to me, and

ask me yes or no questions, which I thought was very odd; I mean, that was a first with me. Later on, I learned that it was all about power and control on his part.

In March of 2003, I remember that Craig broke my nose, while everyone—including Rualind and Jack Storf—was coming off of the alcoholic binging around my house. Craig was only thirty four at this time in his life and I was forty seven at that time; We were thirteen years apart. I loved him madly, even though he abused me. I called the police and Jack Storf was asked to leave.

Raulind said, "What did you do that for?" I ran to Raulind with blood all over my face!! I was petrified, scared, and shocked that anyone would do that to me. Craig actually lied with a straight face and told the police that, because I was drinking and getting drunk, I had fallen over and did not know what hit me!! Craig stayed away from me for exactly one week.

Prior to breaking my nose, he had locked himself in a room with just him and Raulind. There was a phone in that room and they took it off the hook, so that I could not call out if I wanted to!! When I went downstairs, I heard a lot of breathing and whispering and hushed voices; just a lot of mumbling and such. I had wondered if Raulind and Craig were bisexual, since they were both willing to be locked up in a room together. I was actually angry about it, and felt left out and very insecure; most of all, I felt alone.

There was whiskey and beer being drunk and, of course, we got disgustingly drunk. The house, to me, became very disorderly when he busted my nose. That was the second time my nose had been broken, but this was the first time Craig had broken it.

I forgave Craig and wanted him back in my life, even though he thought I was a "psycho." What exactly did that make him though? He was the sadist, wanting to inflict pain upon me for no apparent reason. I certainly hadn't been asking for it or looking for pain like that.

I had gotten some good, strong fortabs for the pain, which I was happy about, and I wore lots of makeup. And of course, Craig said so, but he made it happen. I had heard that Craig had a lot of "Order For Protections" against him by other women, but, what sticks out in my mind mostly, is the woman who he had two children with!

He had lived with Barbara Lands from the autumn of 1987 until February of 1995. After seven years, why would she file papers on him again? That is a big question because he did not deliberately try to stalk her for any reason. I believe she just wanted to make trouble for him, since he would not comply with her rules; her rules were that she wanted him on the side! Why? Because that's what he told me, and I believe him. You would have to assume that, since seven years is a

long time and that there is plenty of time for both of them to have "closure" in the relationship. After all, she is married to someone else now. Plus, the police were wrong in even listening to someone like that.

For instance, Craig's daughter was absent from school on February second, 2004, and was not at her place of residence that day. Just because of that, their report will act as a warrant request, based on those so called facts alone, which I find absolutely strange. It is messed up that the police and courts are not investigating the significance of the seven years of separation of these two people! Then I've seen a reports of his "priors," which make him look even worse:

> September 1997 - fifth degree assault
> September 1997 - disorderly conduct and obstructing the legal process
> June 1998 - violation of order for protection
> October 1998 - felony violation of protection.
> March 2002 - possession of a small amount of a controlled substance (which was dismissed)
> May 2002 - disorderly conduct
> And last, but not least, was one more idiotic thing:
> October 2002 - fleeing on foot

I think they're making a mountain out of a mole hill. An old boyfriend once told me that this is a woman's town. I'm sorry; I don't know how to process that, but I'll try to someday.

Chapter Five

Craig had said that Barbara Lands was always making trouble for him. I remember now that she had gone and literally taken Craig Duran Woodsman to court. Why? I was there, and it was because his own daughter, Sandy, had set him up. She told her grandmother, on her mother's side of the family, that she had hung out with her father on February first of 2004. His daughter, Sandy, was underage and not yet eighteen, so Barbara had every right to take Craig to court. She tried to prove that Craig was in violation of an "Order For Protection" against his own children, including his daughter.

Craig had asked me to accompany him, and I did!! I didn't stay long, because the wait was very boring. Barbara sat across from Craig, with her legs spread seductively apart; beside her was her old, ugly, bald-headed husband. It was so disgusting that I had no choice but to leave. I can recall when we first got there that, after Craig had seen Barbara's big hooters, he had forgotten where his cap was.

He asked me, "Where's my cap?"

I said, "Craig, your cap is on your head!"

He touched the top of his head and said, "Oh."

I said, "You've got to stop looking at her." After I sat there for a while next to him, I got up and kissed him good-bye. I told him I would see him back at the house, and then I left for the elevator to go home.

Craig went to school with his second sweetheart, Barbara, and he told me that she had a crush on him.He told me that she wanted him with a passion, and she eventually got him—or at least ended up with him. I wasn't prepared for the disrespectful talk and walk that was yet to come.

When Craig was disrespectful, it was mainly his mental illness talking; not Craig himself. If someone were to ask me to describe Craig in two words, I would have to say that he was cocky and insulting, but he didn't mean to. His mental diagnosis was that he was bipolar manic depressive, with psychotic episodes. A lot of people just don't

understand mental illnesses, and don't want to take the time to. We tend to get lost in the system, or fall between the cracks, but we should not be condemned for having a mental illness that is sometimes out of our control.

In 2004, the winter was exceptionally unusual that year for Craig and I; I really did not enjoy meeting his child. Craig was never really married to his child's mother. In fact, Barbara was a lot taller and huskier than little Craig. Craig told me that when they broke up, Barbara was leaving notes by his apartment door, and he never told the police. I told him, he should have saved the notes, so he could use them against her. He just said, "Yeah, I should've."

He recalled that, one time, he had his own apartment in a downtown area, and when Barbara found out where he lived, she knocked on his door. She came in and volunteered her services to have him on the side. Craig told her to go home and make love to her husband! After all, she actually was married, and this was a time when Craig had some morals and values left. This incident happened way before 2004; way before I came along. I remember hearing these stories from him about what he remembers of his past, before he met me! I imagine Barbara was addicted to his charm and ruggedness.

Craig had a certain flair for a challenge, and he always took his time before he would bite at the bait. I have to wonder, as I look back, where or why did it go wrong? I believe that, sooner or later, we all have our breaking point, and we either give up or move on to bigger and better things. In Craig's case, he unfortunately gave up and didn't really care what the next day brought. Most people who are normal fear tomorrow as an act of survival. I mean, that is what we do. Craig started living his life like there was no tomorrow. He lived in the moment, and it led him on a fast track to hell; a hell that he created all by himself.

In February of 2004, I remember Craig had disappeared for a while, and he was on my answering machine. He purposely recorded a conversation on there so that I would listen to it; so he could make me jealous. This is when I first suspected incest. I took a tape and recorded the conversation off of my answering device! There was some talk about "melons", and a "hmmmmmm...." coming from his mouth.

He said, "Yeah, I like melons." I interpreted this to be a come on, between Craig and his sister. Yes, I could be wrong, but then why would he want me to hear his conversation about he and his sister talking about "melons?"

Craig was ecstatic when I told him that I had made two or three tapes of that conversation. He looked for the tapes, but, if he didn't have anything to hide, then why would he find the time to destroy

them? That, I might add, is a very good question. It stems back to when Craig had told me that he had a sister, who wanted to be incestuous with him! Why would he want me to know that? So I could stop it? I had no way to stop it; my God, I didn't even know who she was, nor did I really care. She sounded like an alcoholic, though; just like he was. In April of 2006, she suplied him with drinks and gave him a hundred dollars when he would stay overnight with her—and this was after he was released from jail, doing eight months and then probation. He was not supposed to drink at all, and his own sister took him to a bar, where they played pool. Then, she bought a case of beer to celebrate her brother's release from jail. I mean, what's up with that? That certainly did not help Craig in the long run; it seemed as though his own family member was actually killing Craig!

Craig also had a brother named Ralph who, I later learned would be the big cause of my break up with Craig! Craig and I had a falling out and, when I was gone one day from my residence, I came home and found a lot of things missing from my house! Craig had moved in with his brother and, in time, I wanted Craig back! I worked up the courage to go over to Ralph's apartment and knocked on the door! I got Craig to move back in with me, and that's when I met his brother Ralph! Ralph helped Craig bring his stuff and my T.V. and VCR combo back to my house! Looking at Craig and Ralph, I noticed that Craig has no real resemblance to any of his siblings. I also only met one of his sisters, who likes to meddle, and her name is Sarah; she looked just like her photo. Craig created a very scandalous reputation of us by moving in and out of his brother's apartment; Craig had moved in and out of his brother, Ralph's, apartment at least twice!! Ralph ended up telling his sister Sarah that Craig and I drank and fought a lot. Sarah had never even met me and I had never met Sarah, but, down the road as you will see, it all came crashing down on me in the end!! Jealous families that put their noses where they really don't belong have a way of "putting salt" on open wounds! No one wins when families do that; not even Craig, because, all in all, Craig had it made with me! We had good times, and they outweighed the bad times; I would swear to it!!!

The place, where Craig and I came from, didn't seem to believe that people can actually change for the better! Craig, however, comes from a very dysfunctional family, and I believe that there are certain family members—at least three of them—that didn't want to see Craig get ahead! I actually met three of them, and I have to admit that Sarah was the worst one; Craig is actually scared of her! The reason I know that is because I had seen his back go up like a cat when he was confronted by her! I couldn't believe it, at first, but everything I know about that family thus far should not surprise me!!! What I can't

understand is why he won't speak up for himself. Craig seems to just let Sarah, his sister, meddle in his life while he is at his wits end in his own life. Sarah has a history of putting her own family members away in government controlled homes. In the past, she has put her own father away in some nursing home, where he eventually died! I don't understand how she can sleep at night or how she can actually live with herself at all.

I vividly remember asking Craig to get his probation transferred back in 2006; here's what he said!

He said, "I've got family here, and I can't move now that I'm on probation! I have to wait until I'm off probation!"

I said, "Craig, you are not gonna make it on probation. You're drinking, and it's just a matter of time until they're going to find out!" Craig had a stubborn-attitude back then and, for some uncaring reason, he still has that stubbornness; God help him is all I can say!

When we were together, I asked him at least three times if he would marry me, and he just didn't want to, which proves his stubbornness again and again. So, one would wonder why I would love someone that was so stubborn? Like they say, love is blind, but other people around us just did not want to see us together! I think it was because he is white and I am half Native American! That's what I think, because the third time I asked Craig if he would marry me, he said, "I can't, because you are an Indian!" That really made me mad when he put it that way, but I still loved him because I respected his honesty. Plus, I had to keep in mind that, throughout his years of living in Port Luis, he was under programmed instruction to think like that. In the city we lived in, we all had a choice if we wanted to be programmed to think like that or to retaliate, and I choose to question authority rather than going with the flow, as one might do. The police seemed to be programmed, and I also remember that Craig's former probation officer believed that we should not be together, all because of profiling done on me to no avail; I was forced to put up with it! His probation officer—a female, of course—even accused me of ratting Craig out to her, so that if she was ever put in a position to violate him, she would have an excuse to casually and conveniently blame me for it; anything to make it look like I never really loved or cared for him! But I did, and the system would not listen to me—even when they asked me! So, that's how stupid they are!

Would they let us live our own life? Not in Port Luis Island—population eight to ninety thousand people—with a big portion of the community that likes to make and break their own laws! It is corruption from here, clear down to the capital of this battered state! I loathe and resent this state where I live, especially when things don't go my way—and my way is the right way! Why? Because I checked it

out! It does not pay to be stubborn in this state whatsoever! Unless you are stubborn to save your own neck; then that's completely different! But, if you don't take good advice, then you end up your own body; "a sacrifice."

My darling Craig wasn't all that bad; there was a time when Craig paid my mortgage for the month of May in 2004, since Bill Kenebie had stolen my check after I cashed it. Craig and his brother, Ralph, came over to visit on April 29, 2004. Bill had sent Ralph to the liquor store to get me a couple of forty ouncers of malt-liquor, which Bill knew I had a weakness for!!! I really wasn't going to drink, but Bill said he would buy it for me, and I somehow "gave in." I got so wasted out of my mind and there was so much going on that time; it was rushing by me, like a fast-forward that only alcohol could do to someone like me! Craig was out of it as well and Ralph ended up staying the night as well! Ralph may have gotten some money, too, because Craig and I thought it was strange that Ralph had mentioned to us that he was short on his rent. Then, all of a sudden, he wasn't short on the rent anymore! Plus, Ralph was temporarily unemployed; he had lost his job!!!!

The thing with Ralph is that he could always go back to work, because he was a certified nursing assistant just like Craig! Ralph even mentioned that he might want to move in with us, and I told Craig that I wouldn't agree to that!! Craig told me not to worry, and that that would not happen—and it didn't. I would have lost my house, if it wasn't for my beloved Craig. He came through for me, with the hope that I would pay him back; it was just a bit over three hundred dollars! He had to get that money out of his bank account! I felt totally powerless when that horrible thief stole my money and I had to watch Craig at the casino, playing his $81.00 on the slot machines; I had no money to play the slots!

It was very nice of Craig to help me out, at a time when I needed someone to help me! Anybody else would have said it wasn't their problem and would have split from me immediately, but not my Craig; my Daddy, as I called him! Craig and I had sex all day long, the day after I was robbed. While Craig and I had sex, Bill Kenebie was interrupting us by harassing us by phone; he would not quit calling! Bill is a very "sick in the head" type of person! Craig was happy with my broke self, just the same, and I was happy to be with Craig; we grew on each other a lot in those days! Our love just kept growing like a flower each and every day that we shared together! You have to know that, when all the other men in my past life left me, there was Craig, who never ever really intentionally left me! He always came back to me, no matter how much he tried to deny his feelings for me; he knew we were meant to be together! I think he knew it and

expressed it to me with a note I found in his wallet; it went like this:

> “I love Anna Winters
> Craig loves Anna
> Forever and always
> My peace and togetherness
> Be ours forever
> I love you Anna
> 08-05-04 True Love ALWAYS”

Chapter Six

I have a copy of my darling Craig's mug shot and description, dated August 31, 2005. Also included are his date of birth and description: white male, brown hair, blue eyes, totally unshaven, and dressed in attire of someone who is in jail; an orange jump suit. The mug shot is sticking on my refrigerator. I love and care for this man with all my heart and soul, and I don't ever wish to let him down .

I believe this was the time when Craig did eight months in jail for a violation of breaking a restraining order, to none other than little old me, which I was unhappy to report. That was the last straw that actually broke the camel's back. I never meant to call the cops, but I did. My order for protection was filed at the court house on Tuesday, July 26, 2005; I was lucky enough to get this information from one of my many journals. I can honestly say that I had it officially dropped on August 24, 2005; the day after Craig Woodsman had been arrested. I feel that they should have let him go, for the simple reason that it was only one day difference! Craig was, or should have been, looked at as being white and privileged, but they overlooked it because he was with me; I'm not all white like Craig is, so there you go.

Oh yes, I do believe that race played a part in it; most definitely. I had tried to get Craig to go back to the homeless shelter for just one more night, but he became stubborn and bullheaded and refused to listen to me! We could only go without seeing each other for twenty six days before we succumbed to our feelings; I had missed him horribly! So, I called him up and told him that I would drop the order for protection, but it would not be official until the next day, which would've been August 24, 2005.

Craig thought I had used him for sex, and then dumped him onto the police! I was impulsive back then, and I did things like dial up the police without thinking of the consequences! To this day, I am so sorry that I did that; my heart still aches, and it's something I have to live with for the rest of my life!

Having to write about Craig's infidelity is what I regret the most,

but, here it is, copied from one of my journals. Monday, June 19, 2006 was when I first noticed that something was definitely wrong in our ill-fated relationship. Craig and I went to the poverty meeting together, but he got there first. He was watching Sadie Ward apply her lipstick and was lusting after her. Later, at about 5:30 or 6:30p.m, I decided to follow him to actually see exactly where he was going; I followed him to Sadie's apartment, which was only about two blocks away from me. I saw him walk up to the apartment building, and he knocked on the door; almost immediately, someone opened the door for him! I began to yell as I saw the windows close, so that they would not have to hear me, I would presume. I was stunned and shocked, and I looked up at the picture window which had been closed; I swear I saw him disappear onto the floor, where Sadie must have been waiting. It was so sad for me; I felt so helpless and powerless, as well, so I walked back home! It was 10:15 P.M. and he was still gone! It was early evening when I had followed Craig over to Sadie's! I had hollered and everything, which is why they shut the windows. I was talking on the cell phone to Bill Kenebie when I decided to follow Craig, and that's when I discovered that he was stepping out on me with Sadie Ward. Bill Kenebie was supposed to call me at 9 P.M., but no call came through. I wasn't able to get a hold of Bill later because it was after 9 P.M. I tried to talk to this old lady friend, but she said she was busy washing and she took her phone off the hook. I then called my sister, and we talked for awhile. I told my sister that I had to get a restraining order against Craig because he was mistreating me by calling me "Satan" and "retarded." He was drinking too much and wanted to drink everyday! He wanted me to drink, too, and I didn't want to; no way!

Craig asked me before he left for Sadie's if I wanted to get laid that night, and I said no. He probably had sex with Sadie! This was the end of my passage in my journal for Monday, June 19, 2006. My next passage after that was June 22, 2006. I wrote that the day that I got my restraining order; Thursday.

"I will be made a fool of no more! And no dropping of the restraining order, either! 10:30 P.M.; Craig hollered up at my window to open the door. He said, 'I pay you $300.00 a month in rent. Open the door!' And I did. I yelled at him and hollered at him to go and stay with Sadie. He tried to lie and said he was over at the boardwalk And that he wasn't over at Sadie's, but I caught him there! That is where he was, until now at 10:30 P.M. He was at my house And I threw a cheeseburger at him, which I had made for him! I told him before I went into my bedroom that I didn't want him to try and rape me again! He'd better not touch me because I didn't want his and Sadie's leftovers! I don't want "sloppy seconds." Sadie and Craig think they

can give me "sloppy seconds," those sick zombies; they think they can mess me over? Those sick zombies deserve to burn in Hell together! Craig better not touch me or I'll press charges for rape, if he tries to force himself on me again! I think Craig already gave me "sloppy seconds" when our friend Deegan was over here."

Anyway, Craig was gone for about five hours; he was over at Sadie's apartment. Then, he tried to lie about it, just like I told my sister he would! She asked if I was going to confront him, and I said, "Well, you know men; they lie!" Men lie, which Craig proved that night.

"It is so over," I said, in a fit of rage.

Once Craig left me a message on my voicemail, and he said, "Your slutty ass went to bed, and you say, 'I can come get with you in two hours.' Well, I don't think it will be two hours because I'm talking to two fine dudes and there's a blonde in the other room, but she's hooked up. Fuck you!" And he hung up after that; I saved the message. We used to go eat at fancy, expensive restaurants, and argue about which one we would actually dine in. We would usually do that after I received a credit card through the mail.

On Friday, June 23, 2006, I gave—or I mean lent—it to him after I deposited $30.00 in my bank. We agreed on going to a steak house, where only the very rich went! And that's where we went, and I talked him into ordering an appetizer instead. Then the waitress came out and she tried to talk him into the meal, which was $18.99, and the appetizer was $8.99; he got wild rice soup with it, which was good. The manager came out, and I had to explain everything to him. I got the fish dinner for $17.99 and two margaritas, with barely any alcohol. And I was charged $5.00 a piece for drinks; that was my dessert. Craig's dessert was a "Big Brownie Blast.".

The meal came close to $48.00, which I put on my Master Card. Then, Craig went out to party long after I went to sleep. He later called me from someone else's house. I gave the number to Bill Kenebie, and he was going to call there later. He napped first, but then, hopefully, he would find out who was calling. That's when Craig left a crazy message for me, but then again, I really didn't care where this number had come from! Craig Woodsman never took good, solid, sound advice!

For example, I told Craig a bizarre story about Joe Casey and Sally Trugg; they were not healthy people to drink with. Besides, Sadie and her weirdo boyfriend, Rick, were just more tragic drinking buddies! It would have been very wise to stay away from these crazy people. One night, Craig came back home in crutches, and told me that he had only been walking by Joe and Sally's place of dwelling. He went over to them and started drinking with these people; I later heard from

Sally Trugg that Craig supposedly tried to rape her! Her old man, Joe Casey, caught this bizarre activity when he was coming in the door after being in the bathroom! What must have happened was that Joe Casey stomped all over Craig's ankle, and Craig found himself in a alcohol dry house, not really knowing or remembering what took place while drinking with these people that I told him to stay away from! It's so sad that he just didn't heed the warning. His ankle had been broken in three places, and he had one metal plate and screws in his ankle. And, as far as I know, he never had it taken out, like he was supposed to. I remember that I accompanied him once to the doctor that did the surgery on his ankle. This happened around the fourth of July in 2006, and I had no idea where he was. I vividly remember coming home in a taxicab, and there was Craig in front of my house, pacing back and forth in his new found crutches on the street. It was horrific to hear the tale, which I knew would always haunt us both. Craig had broken one of his prior girlfriend's ankle also.. It was like he was getting paid back, but why? What a strange twist of fate, don't you think? If he only would have listened, it would never have had to happen. Alcohol played a role in it, so that would explain a lot since only negativity can happen when you are playing with alcohol; you are playing with fire and, like fire, when you play with it long enough, you eventually get burned. And so he did; I felt so sorry for him!

When I was upon the witness stand in January of 2009, I recall that the welfare's attorney asked me about an incident where Craig had supposedly raped me, but no charges were filed at that time! The female county assistant attorney had said directly to me, "Didn't you say that in your order for protection? Which, by the way, the judge at that time had dismissed it twenty six days later!" The Order For Protection, that is, because I had wanted it dismissed, and I missed Craig terribly!

She said, "Didn't you say in that order that he raped you?" I realized that I was under oath, and I didn't want to lie, so I said, "Yes." And I believe the welfare used that against me, in their so called Court of Law. I do recall saying that it's bittersweet, but that I forgave him for that incident. I've been raped before in my past, so it did not mean anything to me. I was never really traumatized, so it was never a big deal to me, but I never got to say that upon the witness stand. I also said that God had put him in my life for a reason, and I wanted to be there to catch him when he falls! I tried to be his guardian, but the welfare people and the judge would not let me! In fact, it was already decided before I even entered that courtroom on January 23, 2009. It was already sworn and decided by the honorable Judge Elliot Cramden and Ron Slickers, who was a social worker and guardian for my boyfriend, Craig Woodsman. Craig's appointed

attorneys were also Ron Slickers, and Rayburn Ash; and the county attorney was also Ron's attorney, Melba Dunn. Before I forget, the big, skinny ringleader of them all was Craig's sister!! She also testified under oath. I don't know how she can sleep at night, knowing what she has done to her own brother, putting him in a group home, where he really doesn't want to be, and where he is not a happy camper at all. It is so heart wrenching to tell a story like this, because they really are killing Craig! At least I'm trying to help him; all they want to do is drug him to death—literally to death.

Chapter Seven

This is my incident report in my own words, as I believe it took place; no one else decided to do this, but me. So here it is. My last supervised visit with my beloved boyfriend, Craig Woodsman was on Thursday, December 4, 2008, from 1P.M. to 2P.M. My witness was an old friend of mine, named Rowan Sable, and he had a van which he drove me over in to visit Craig. Craig was in an adult foster-home, and I believe he was a victim of some type of tricker! Aran strange plot infiltraded by his own family and the government. Craig's family did not want me around him anymore, for whatever reasons that were unknown to me. This was my ninth visit with him, and it went like this.

Ms. Wells was sitting at kitchen table, waiting for me to come in—which I did. Ms. Wells was a black woman, who did not like me in the least bit at all. I never thought it to be possible, that anyone could have that much hate in them!!! But I saw it, and I felt it.

LuWanda, who was a staff manager, was sitting on a breakfast barstool; she was also black. Carmen, who was also black, was standing next to LuWanda; she worked there, as a personal care attendant, and also gave me the business over Craig Woodsman.

Six minutes later, Mr. Peter Lake was walking up the back driveway, where the back deck was located; four people against me. Rowan really has nothing to do with this, because he's just there not as a referee of that nature. It was really all about Craig and I; not anyone else. These four people were all affiliated with a home called Sunny Lane Services.

Anna Winters, was emotionally attacked by all four of these individuals, and she deserves an apology and an explanation! As to why they attacked me and victimized me in such a manner, where I was reduced to emotional tears, I'm not sure. I was viciously and verbally assaulted by them; mainly Ms. Wells. Carmen, who was also a worker at Sunny Lane Services, egged them on while LuWanda was taking her own notes.

LuWanda was a real troublemaker, if I ever saw one. I was savagely attacked by Ms. Wells because of my race and my Native American ethnic background. She brought my ethnic background up at least two times, and the second attack happened as I was leaving at 2P.M. Mr. Peter Lake blocked the back entry way, and so did Carmen. LuWanda, Ms. Wells, Rowan Sable, and myself were all cornered in the kitchen. I was put on the hot seat and confronted by LuWanda. It started like this:

Ms. Wells said to Mr. Peter Lake, "Anna said that you lied to her face!" As Mr. Lake took off his jacket, he replied, "Oh, when you asked me if I was an attorney?"

Anna's responded, "No, I never said that. I asked you if you were a part of Craig Woodsman's case, and you, Mr. Lake responded, with a no. And you told me that you were on a different case, but you were in that courtroom, so therefore I caught you in a lie!"

Mr. Lake then said, "It's great that you come to see Craig." Anna mocked him, because I knew that he did not mean it. Plus, he was showing us how he could exercise his so called authority and abuse it. In his tone, I picked up that inkling because he had this authority, which he wanted me to know; he wanted me to know that there wasn't anything I could do about it, and that he did not care or concern himself over the fact that someone, even like myself, could have a kind heart and visit a client of his, named Craig Duran Woodsman. Additionally, no one else had even visited Craig; not even his own family!! That was the end of page two of my incident report.

Mr. Peter Lake said, "You've made an allegation, and we are here to question it and address it. So what is this all about?"

Anna replied, "Luwanda made an inappropriate comment about teasing Craig over a piece of candy. She said, 'While I'm trying to visit Craig, I bet you're waiting for your usual one piece of candy, huh?' Craig? And she said it seductively! I do not wish for such a distraction as that, so it was bothering me and I reported it. I reported it to a social worker, named Ron Silvers, who is also Craig's guardian. He is someone who is supposed to look out for Craig's best interest

Carman retorted, "Why are you saying me and LuWanda are flirting with Craig?"

Anna said, "Carman, I never said anything about you, and you should know that." By this time, my blood pressure was going up, which I mentioned. Ms. Wells ordered us to sit down, and Anna did sit down in the kitchen. I was fearing for my life. I felt it was necessary to leave, but then I looked over at Craig, who was on the couch. I went over to sit by Craig, and Rowan Sable grabbed a kitchen chair, pulled it up by Craig, and sat down next to him.

Ms. Wells was scaring me, and she gave me a cold, dark stare; if

looks could kill, I would have been dead.

Anna said, “I feel like I’m under a microscope here!”

Ms. Wells replied, “Oh, you don’t have to feel that way.”

Anna retorted, “Well, I do!”

Carman asked, “Why is she talking so crazy? Why is she talking so crazy? Why is she talking so crazy?” A total of three times, she said that bizarre statement! Anna was calm through the ordeal, and I wasn’t doing anything to deserve the line of talking about me like I wasn’t even there!! That was very rude for professionals to act like that, and all of that extreme abuse and unnecessary chanting went on and on. How could Ms. Wells, a professional personnel administrator, allow that? She did all of this, just for Mr. Ron Silvers, a social worker, who was playing behind the scenes like he was a house master. All he really was, was just a social worker; nothing more and nothing less.

Anna said to Craig, “Do you think I’m crazy, Craig?” Craig was afraid of Ms. Wells, and gave no comment to what I said. All Rowan had said to Ms. Wells was that her facility should be turned into the attorney general’s health department. If there is even such a thing, then I sure never heard of it before. I did do some searching, and found a place called the inspection of health facility complaints! However, they never lifted a finger to do anything about it. I was absolutely devastated that everywhere I turned, no one would listen!! It was frustrating.

Ms. Wells began talking back to Rowan Sable, and said, “Take it easy; slow down!” Ms. Wells drew closer to Rowan and said to his face, ‘That’s not going to happen! Craig is lucky to be in a facility like this!”

Anna then said, “He’s still paying his debt to society! He has to practically ask permission to breathe! He’s not even able to take a brisk walk, like some doctor’s advise! How can you say he’s got it so good here?”

LuWanda then looked at Ms. Wells, and said, “We take him to the fitness gym, and he has a membership there!” Ms. Wells nodded her head in agreementwith LuWanda; I found out later, that it was a bold faced lie! I had called Craig at 3P.M. on December 4, 2008 and asked him if he had been to the fitness gym yet? And Craig’s response was a flat out no. Then he was forced by the Sunny Lane staff to say to me that I wasn’t allowed to come back to the facility where Craig was located. The staff had said that I was considered to be violent. Craig said that he could still see me downtown somewhere, but not at Sunny Lane anymore. It sounded like I was not invited there anymore. I didn’t want to look at it before, but the more I think about it, it is real clear to me that this was turning into a race issue. I didn’t bring it up

in my incident report, but who really wants to believe that this stuff goes on out there?? And I wasn't able to see Craig anymore? Just how mean and cruel were Ron Silvers and Ms. Wells? And Carman and LuWanda? And Mr. Peter Lake? How far would they go to get what they wanted? They wanted to take Craig, my boyfriend, away from me. Ron Silvers supervisor had even said so on December 3, 2008 at about 3:30P.M. over my cell phone. He said that Craig was not even incapacitated, as it is stated for guardianship! Is it because they got state and federal funding for Craig, and that's what's most important to them? That, without Craig, they wouldn't even have had a job? Come on, Craig is a human being and he belongs with me!! There must be others they can go and cling to, but I know in my heart and soul that Craig Duran Woodsman belongs with me—not them!! He has paid his debt to society. I beg the court to please let him go. Surely, they can find someone else they can use for a cash cow, just not my dearly beloved boyfriend, Craig Duran Woodsman.

Toward the end of my visit I brought out fresh raspberries, blueberries, and blackberries from my backpack, and LuWanda jumped out of her seat and ran out to retrieve Ms. Wells, who was in fact leaving for her car! She came back in and said that she had a policy that my berries had to be washed in her sink, and that I wasn't allowed to take my vitamins and calcium pills in front of Craig!

I told Ms. Wells that I had already washed the "berries, but she said very rudely back, "This is my policy, and we have to wash them again." She was referring to my hands, which she insinuated might be dirty, which again represents discrimination. If that wasn't enough, Ms. Wells asked me if I was Native American.

I asked, "Why? I didn't ask you if you were black or Jamaican, did I? She went on to say to me right up in my face, "Well, because Native Americans make prescription drugs out of berries!"

I said, "Oh, really? I didn't know that." I thought this type of intimidation was most bizarre and cruel to me, and my being a Native American of this country! My witness also pointed out that I was supposed to know this information about Native Americans making prescription drugs out of fresh berries, which have only healthy antioxidants in them and are very good for a person's health! I felt as though, Ms. Wells was probing me to help cripple my perception of my own culture and stereotype me in the worst way by attacking me and my ethnic background, which was totally uncalled for. And I hope whoever reads this will agree with me, or if no one does, then I hope they become just as sick as Ms. Wells.

After Carmen washed the berries, she put them all in a huge bowl and served them up to Craig. She rested bowl on the coffee table, as Craig reached for the berries. Me and Rowan Sable noticed he was

trembling and shaking a lot! All because of Ms. Wells' presence, and her demeanor was very threatening and non-professional, and greatly alarming to me as a Native American woman, who is proud of where I come from, and my family is very dignified and respected to me as a Native American. My dad was a war hero, and my grandfather was well educated and studied to be a priest, but fell in love with my grandmother and married her. My mother was very talented; she was a great swimmer, and played guitar and sang country songs. My three uncles were all survivors of the military. I have nothing to be ashamed of, and I don't appreciate anyone trying to use my ethnic background to get a rise out of me, just so they can blemish my grandfather's name, which is Winters. My beloved grandparents raised me! And I love them very much! And they were proud Catholics.

Shortly after Craig received the berries and he got a few of them, I looked at my watch and it was 2 P.M. I said, "Well, it is time to go now." Ms. Wells was still staring at me, and made me nervous! I reached over and kissed and hugged Craig, and Rowan shook Craig's hand and Ms. Wells started in with me again when I tried to sign out. She was taunting me and saying she was an Indian herself.

I said, "Bullshit." And I walked out behind Rowan. Carman also started in with me and was chanting to me about Craig's guardian, Mr. Ron Silvers, saying that she was going to tell Ron Silvers on me as if I did something wrong, and I did not do anything wrong at all. Carmen was chanting this over and over again, saying Ron Silver's name over and over again, which I thought was utterly ridiculous, to say the least. It just did not make a whole lot of sense to me, whatsoever.

I remember telling Ms. Wells, that people always try to say that they're Native American, especially when they fear a discrimination suit. So I was definitely on to that. I had heard it before. I personally think it's pathetic, and demeaning, and also very sad, and, most of all, ignorant. It's a sin to hate anyone because of race, religion, gender, or ethnic background and origin. And if it's not, it should be against the law! Because it is hatred! And to me, it is a crime. Please note that on 10-15-08 at 12:30 P.M., Mr. Ron Silvers, social worker, and guardian over Craig Woodsman, my boyfriend, said over the phone to me in not so many words that he and staff at Sunny Lane would be scheming a plot to bring me down, and that he would wait for verbal outbursts that they would be able to use against me, and if they had to would go so far as to make it up as time went on, and even used an allegation that I had against LuWanda, claiming that she deliberately use torment to tease my boyfriend and made fun of him when she asked him if he was waiting for a piece of candy that he could only have once a day.

On the twentieth of November between 1 and 2 P.M. LuWanda

stated during my visit with Craig that she bets Craig gets itchy from his beard! Craig reached over to his beard and began scratching it, as if he was obeying her command. LuWanda smiled with a smirk on her face.

Why would they take a concern of mine, that I had against a staff person named LuWanda, and use that as a poor excuse to get me excluded from Sunny Lane Services, so I would have no further visits with Craig?! If my allegation wasn't true, why would they go to all this trouble to tear into me and grill and drill me and interrogate me for a whole entire hour of my visit with Craig ?! Isn't my visit with Craig supposed to be quiet, with little or no interruption? On December 4, 2008 from 1-2 p. m, I was picked apart by mainly Ms. Wells and Carmen, who was play acting behind the kitchen walls! They put my life for that hour in a living hell on earth, so to speak! All because the welfare wanted to gain ownership and guardianship over my boyfriend and that they were that selfish and self-centered and inconsiderate over my feelings and crossing my boundaries! Have they no conscience or shame? The fact that I was the subject of abuse and ridicule and total disdain for a whole hour is horrible!

I was maliciously attacked in such a way that it will leave permanent emotional scars beyond repair. I was provoked by Sunny Lane Staff and administration, including Ms. Wells, who is rude and thoughtless and very discriminating. . She made a false allegation about Native Americans, saying that my people make prescription drugs out of berries! And according to my witness, Rowan Sable, she said that she acted like I should know this bizarre information, which is misconstrued on her part! Her perception of an American Indian is of great discrimination and a high degree of an unforgivable insult, not just myself, but the overall tribes of American Indians! And if that wasn't enough, she told me that she was also an American Indian, adding even more injury to insult!

I feel like Ms. Wells should apologize to me, but I suppose she has no qualms of what she says or does; that she's ignorant and chooses to be hardhearted and cruel and unfeeling. And Ron Silvers is the same way, because he put her up to it and he is in on the vicious plot to try and destroy me, through their vendetta against me. Ms. Wells is unkind and revoltingly prejudiced against me as an American Indian of the U. S. of America. She used my own ethnic background to try to destroy me emotionally and mentally, and looked at me a whole hour in a sinister way, which is very evil and distasteful! I don't think it's a very good idea that Craig Woodsman was in a place like that. I would want him to be acted upon as immediate removal from Sunny Lane Home, because of the following reasons: dirty carpeting and refusal to shampoo it, poor diet consisting of weiners and beans and burnt,

frozen pizzas and no fresh fruit is given there! They made him say I look violent because Indians are looked at as being violent! Mainly racial and segregation equals prejudice and is enough reason because it is a crime within itself. To hate is a crime, and it is not professional to take your feelings about other cultures to work with you. Personal or otherwise! Craig gets no exercise, no activity, and no outing, and no connection with the outside world, which makes him prone to neglect, and abuse and staff can and will abuse their authority. I called Craig Woodsman on the December 24th to see if he got anything for Christmas and he said, "No." He did not receive any presents or food for Christmas dinner, because I called on the 26th and he said he still did not receive any Christmas presents and I asked him what he had for Christmas dinner, and he said he only had a couple of hotdogs! My son, Laremy, came over to my house early morning on the 27th of December, and he felt sorry for Craig and so did I. So we called him on the night of the 27th and asked him if he'd like a steak dinner, and my son Laremy assured him that he would drop it off to his residence on the 28th. Craig was very excited, and said, "Yes" and requested ranch dressing for his salad. And we got him a rib-eye steak and Alaskan salmon and waffle fries to go, and a dinner roll and mushrooms to put over his steak and a bottle of Mountain Dew that I had saved for Craig! And on the 28th of December at 2:50 P.M., Laremy brought him his dinner and I waited in my son's car. The food was from a fancy restaurant, and it was very expensive! My son was from a small town in Missouri, so he drove a long way to visit me and he likes my boyfriend Craig a lot! It was my son's idea to treat Craig because we both love and care for Craig enormously!!! We wanted him to know we care about him just like family! Craig knows that I'm the only family that does love and care and respect him, and his love he gives back is acceptable in our eyes and God's eyes; I pray for Craig and wish him nothing but the best!! I only want to help Craig regain his life and freedom back, and to get him out of the system. He has overpaid his debt to society! I hope I will be chosen to be Craig's guardian! I will always do my best to care for him. There is no greater love that I've ever known in my life than Craig Duran Woodsman! God loves him, and I love him!

My witness, Rowan Sable, stated to me that the confrontation that took place at Sunny Lane could have definitely waited until after the one hour visit I had with Craig W. I agree, it should have, but again consider the source! It is not professional, in my opinion, that this type of interrogation and intimidation went on for a whole hour! And also it wasn't healthy for Craig to endure such an episode, but he found complete comfort and reassurance in myself (Anna) and visitor and friend, Rowan Sable, in our just being there for him! And Craig

tried to brush it off, (As to what they were doing). He acted as though it didn't seem to bother him, but still, the fact remains that no one at Sunny Lane was thinking or considering the fact that this was not very appropriate for Craig in his fragile condition! Again, the staff at Sunny Lane was only interested in carrying out instructed orders from Mr. Ron Silvers. And Ron Silvers doesn't even know my boyfriend, Craig. Craig is just nothing more than a job to him, not even a live human being with feelings! And my witness will agree with me! My witness is very insightful and has helped me understand how the system really works! Someone might ask, "Why did you continue to stay there? You could have just left." Well, because I looked over at Craig and he was my main focus as to why I was there in the first place! Those other people gawking at me and poking me with rude comments didn't matter!! I was there for Craig, already guarding over him!! And, as far as my past criminal record, I am a changed person!! I was a role model prisoner, not once in segregation!! I was allowed five day furloughs, meaning I could leave the prison for five days at a time! And all my drug testing was all negative during the whole fourteen months that I spent in the correctional facility. I have also been a law abiding citizen for a total of eight long years and a member of A.A; I'm a God fearing catholic. I also practice my Catholic faith on occasion and go to Mass on Saturdays. For the crime or crimes I was accused of, I took to a jury trial! I never willingly said that there was any guilt; I let the jury decide! Furthermore, I was never found guilty on the aggravated assault, because the jury realized that I am not a violent person!! So if anyone tries to say that I'm violent, let them prove it! I want them to prove what they say about me. I think in law-terms it's called burden of proof'! And, as far as the child neglect, I was never even arrested; just simply dragged into court!! The county had a stake in taking my last two children from me, so they could profit from my children, and I'm sure they profited from them!

To try and obtain my children back, I entered the Great to Be Alive treatment center in March of 2000, in a small town called Ketchum. I successfully completed my treatment for alcoholism and I got treated for my mild mental illness (borderline personality disorder) for a thirty day stay. My so called mild mental illness does not require any medication, only therapy, and I've already had mental health therapy. And no further therapy has been suggested at this time, thank you. I did not get my last two children back in the year 2000, because the guardian ad¬Litem claimed to me, even before I entered treatment, he said, "That's not part of the plan!!" So let those words speak for themself. So, at least I tried to do as a mother, what is necessary to make things right. Unfortunately, my twelve year old son died in foster care. He had cerebral palsy, and was left unattended as a result

of their neglect in a county foster home, to which I've already mentioned.

In the December 23, 2008 report to the court:

> "These statements I've made are a clear recollection of everything that was said and done, my version is of a true and unpleasant memorable incident that took place on 12-04-08 at 1-2P.M., when I was visiting my boyfriend, Craig Woodsman. Craig was very restrained because of all the evilness and drastic measures that took place during my visit with said boyfriend! And who really suffers in the end if Craig doesn't get to come home? Craig's home is our home; mine and his forever as Craig wishes!! The only home he's ever known is with me! And he is always welcome here, because we truly love one another!! I cannot deny my feelings. Please don't let Craig become a victim; he wants to come home. It's not just about me or the other side. The bottom line is it's all about Craig and where he wishes to be. Thank you, Your Honor, I have respectfully gathered all my truths and facts as I remember them and mostly my thoughts on everything I've seen or heard, and when I couldn't sleep I wrote it all down as I see fit. As ever, Anna Winters. Written on 01-22-09 Thursday. Thanks again A.M.W."

Chapter Eight

This is what it was like; pour Craig another drink! This is what it was like when he got released from two county jails, after he served eight months and was then put on probation! That was back in April of 2006. He then made a horrible mistake, where he went to his sister Sarah's place and got drunk with her! And to top it off, she is the executer of the family's will, Craig told me. I never thought it was possible that Craig could ever fall into such a dark, black hole as this one! Craig told me that his sister, Sarah, was asking about how old his girlfriend was, and he had told me that he told her how old I was, and she said that I was too old for him! Craig and I are thirteen years apart; so what? Big deal. I was very upset that he went to his sister, Sarah's, place, because of some unsuspecting sexual abuse that may have taken place, but of course, I cannot prove it. Poor Craig, was only out for five months; only five months of freedom, and that was it. His sister, Sarah, should have stayed out of Craig's life! Because of her, he was locked up in a government group home and he could not get released or have the guardianship terminated, because he has no private attorney that would cost him money, and Craig nor I can afford a private attorney. Craig had moved in with Sadie's boyfriend back in September of 2004, only to be awoken at 3A.M. to get kicked out! When I asked Sadie's boyfriend why he did that, he said that he thought Craig stole his pain pills out of his medicine cabinet and that he ruined his mattress also, and that is why he had told him to get out. I tried to take care of Craig, but he would not always listen and had poor judgement of people. I too had poor judgement, but I always practiced the words no, thank you. And I too had threw eighteen months away in the summer of 2004; my sobriety was gone, because I relapsed on alcohol, which I do regret. I, of course, had to start over. And now, I feel as though, I've got a fresh start! I thank God, for a second chance!

Craig had his share of problems, but did not need to be placed in a group home against his will. And he tells me that it is against his will.

And that is not right. It's not right at all, in my opinion.

On a lighter note, Craig was always kind to me, the majority of the time that we spent together! He was always thoughtful and courteous, and affectionate and very, very understanding to me and toward me all the time! He recognized me as to what my moods were, when he would read me by my facial expressions! Which, no one really has done, and if anyone else did, they were wrong. Craig is the only man in my entire life that could truly read me for who and what I was facing at the time, and every time!

He used to tell me, "I'm trying to get into your head, but you won't let me!" I never really knew what he was talking about, but now I do! I could go to Craig with any problem and he analyzed it oh so well! He was always on target with whatever was going on with me! He is the man of my dreams, and the man of my reality as well. But now that a social worker named Ron Slickers is proclaimed to be his guardian, who wants to take Craig on as a client, in need of services, it all stopped for me. Mr. Ron Slickers is mean and prejudiced against me, and definitely wants me to screw up now that I'm alone with just my cat at home. He's doing his best to keep Craig away from me altogether. Craig ran away from the two different group homes at least two times now! Mr. Ron Slickers will not give him any kind of discharge whatsoever. In fact, Mr. Slickers says he wants to keep Craig long term. I mean, he won't even say how many years this is as far as long term. I said to Mr. Ron Slickers during an interview, "How long do you want to keep him?" I said, "Until he drops dead?" He was really creepy about it! He just stared at me and said nothing; nothing at all. I felt an eerie feeling surge through me as he stared at me and said nothing! How could someone like that be so cold-blooded!? How could they treat my boyfriend like he was just human garbage? Why in God's name do they want to kill him? My God, they really are killing Craig, but why? Money? Inheritance? Or is he simply just a black sheep of his sick, dysfunctional family? I really haven't a clue! I have no answers whatsoever, and don't know if I ever will see any answers, but I'm going to do what is necessary to try and help him to get out of this deep dark dungeon that he has landed into! I want my boyfriend back as soon as possible, before the drugs that they are giving him takes him out! I fear for his life, and it is putting me under a lot of stress that I don't need! Craig has more sobriety than me; he will have five years of sobriety on September 25, 2011. I have 26 months of sobriety thus far.

Craig Woodsman and I had many supervised visits at the government building, in a small conference room and the staff from the group home, where he was residing, supervised us. One staff person sat in with us. Why? I don't know, but Craig and I made the

best of the situation. We had no problems whatsoever. Before Craig was in a group home, he was in a mental state hospital for a period of eight months, before he became a ward of the county he is currently in now. Craig told me he was treated well while he stayed in the mental health facility, but I feel he was over drugged by an anti-psychotic drug that makes spunky old people go to bed quite early. After Craig signed a release of information from the hospital for me, I had learned that he was taken off his high blood pressure pill and was then administered thirty milligrams of Zyprexa, which is to be a lethal dose of a harmful, dangerous anti-psychotic anti-depressant drug that was given to him at least twice a day. The dosage went like this: once in the morning and again at night. I called and talked with him over the telephone at least twice a day every day. I remember one day I called him and he said he saw me walk through the wall of the hospital that he was in, and he would hang up on me for no reason; it was strange. I never got to visit him, since Craig was already being discharged on September 25, 2008, and was already being transferred to an upcoming group home here in my area. The Social Services guardian, who is Mr. Ron Slickers, told me over the telephone that Craig Woodsman had a swollen brain, and he also wanted and got my address on October 13th, 2008, so he could drop him off at my house, but that did not happen. But I do know this: his brain is that of a normal person, but they still insist on keeping him locked-up in a group home! Why won't anyone help us? And I have no real answers; it's all about money. If Craig and I had a lot of money, I'm sure we wouldn't have to worry about questions like this erupting in my mind, because with money, we could hire a good, sharp attorney. The world would be ours, but right now, it's just not. It's just plain difficult and most complicated. The guardian tells me he wants to keep my boyfriend, Craig Woodsman, in a long-term placement, which I don't agree with at all. It's been nine years too long already.

July 23, 2011 was a very unusual day for me. I feel as though I was set up by the police, because when I told the guardian, Ron Slickers, about it, he smiled like he was impressed. When I made my way to the bus shelter, I saw a female social worker sitting there, waiting for a bus, but it was a Saturday so it did not look or feel right. I waited for my bus, as well. I was on my way to the nursing home to visit Bill Kenebie, when all of a sudden, a young black lady started abusing her child right in front of me, she even took the child's baby bottle away from her, and the child leaned over in her stroller and the young mother would violently shove her back into the stroller and even threaten the child. I couldn't just sit there and not say anything! So I did, and asked her right out, "Why are you mistreating that child?" And she went off on me like an uncontrollable person! She

squirted the baby bottle at my left cheek on my face! And she was also yelling at me, telling me to mind my own business, and that I can't tell her how to raise her child! And I said, "Look at what kind of mother you are!" And she even called me a bitch. Then I said, "Don't touch me, I will call the police on you!" I did not want her touching me in any way! So I jumped up and grabbed my backpack and my jean purse and I ran to the pay phone and I called 911.

I told the police that I saw a young, black woman abusing her child and that she assaulted me in the head and squirted me with a baby bottle, which landed all over my left cheek on my face! I left the scene of the incident and I did not feel comfortable, staying there and so I left the chaos behind me, as I grabbed my 11:45 a. m. bus to the nursing home, so I could give my old drinking buddy my chocolate walnut brownies that I made. An hour and a half later, two police officers show up and one of the officer's decides to write me up a falsified ticket for assault and did not even ask my side of the story! And if that wasn't enough he even grabbed me by my collar onto the left side of me, right in front of Bill Kenebie, who also happened to be my witness now! They dragged me a few steps to Bill's table on wheels, and said to me, "Now, answer my questions! Or you are going to jail for disorderly conduct!" And he also said to me before he left, "Here's a ticket, Anna. You are used to getting a lot of these tickets!"

And I said, "So you cops are so deep into corruption that you have to entrap innocent people now?"

The other cop turned it around and said, "Is that your excuse?" I was stumped at that moment, so I asked if Ron Slickers sent them The police officer that gave me the ticket said, "I don't know him," and his back was facing me and so both cops finally left! I blew a sigh of relief! No court date was set, it said on the ticket they gave me.

The young black mother turned the tables around on me and lied and said I assaulted her and her child, which was totally untrue. But I wouldn't be a bit surprised if Ron Slickers and the police department were all in on this crazy scheme, to try and make me look bad. The reason that Ron Slickers, the guardian, would want me to get into a lot of trouble is so I won't be able to see or talk to my boyfriend, Craig Woodsman! They would go to great lengths to drag me into the mud, just to make me look hostile and out of control. It is really something they would do, and they are very much capable to do, because they are in a position of power, and abusing power is really the last desperate measure to set someone like me up. I have been sober for a total of twenty seven months now and I go to A.A. meetings, and I finished a twelve week program of anger management. I have no desire to go back to my old lifestyle of drinking alcohol and partying here and there anymore! And that's what the police department and

Ron Slickers, the guardian, can't comprehend or understand! I had talked to a mental health ombudsman who also works with people that have other disabilities and such, and I mentioned that Craig, my boyfriend, possibly might have some inheritance money that he is entitled to, and he said that He can get his inheritance! I told him that Craig would rather have his freedom! And I happen to know that, because Craig Woodsman was found incapacitated by the court and that he is not allowed to have that inheritance money, but the guardian is! After I mentioned Craig's irreplaceable freedom, nothing else was said. The guardian, Ron Slickers, is not in favor of me, just as I am not in favor of him! Ron Slickers told me over the phone that I am not benefiting Craig Woodsman. Well, neither is he! He has never once said anything positive about me, nor Craig Woodsman. Mr. Ron Slickers, at one point, was even paranoid, asking me if I was recording him when we were alone in a conference room together! I told him that I wasn't. He also prefers to keep Craig Woodsman segregated from the rest of society and, for the most part, from the rest of the world!

Craig Woodsman is a victim of medical neglect and a victim of no real exercise of any kind, and is fed the cheapest food necessary for human consumption! Craig Woodsman is extremely overweight and horribly obese, all because of an uncaring guardian named Ron Slickers, who has no compassion for anyone, other than himself. It's pathetic. And Mr. Ron Slickers even falsely accused me of begging for money from Craig Woodsman! I had called up his female supervisor and complained about it on her answering machine, and I simply told her that it was ludicrous, since I have my own money! And I added that this is one of many reasons why I do not want Mr. Ron Slickers to contact me by telephone anymore! And I had already written a seven page lengthy letter giving all the reasons why I do not wish to interact, nor communicate with the guardian, Ron Slickers, anymore, for my own peace of mind. Now the system is completely ignoring me, because I stepped up to the plate and took charge of the way I was being treated by this so called guardian, who is a living, breathing nightmare, who I did not wish to deal with any further. Plus, I caught the guardian in a lie! I just could not take it anymore; it was wearing me down! And I personally do not like liars.

One of the reasons people don't like me is because I call it like I see it. It adds a lot of controversy at times! I also get caught in the middle and I get blamed for things by the government that I'm really not responsible for, such as Craig Woodsman for instance. I never told him to run away from these two different group homes he was in! I never once encouraged him to run. I did tell him, though, that I thought it was illegal for him to actually be in one of those places, especially if

he really doesn't want to be in a group home. He shouldn't have to be forced to stay in there! I mean this is America, land of the free, home of the brave. But Craig lost all his rights when his own family turned on him! And his own sister pulled strings with the government to seclude him into these unfortunate group homes, where people with half of a brain left don't wish to be.

The first time Craig ran away was just a walk around the block and he went back to the van; that's what he told me. The second time, he ran away, Craig hitched a ride and got a ride to Florida, with a couple of college students. But he wanted to see me, and came back to where I live, and he got caught in my front yard, by the police department. I came running outside and said, "He just came back from Florida!"

The cops said, "Oh, you just got back? Is that true?" Craig confirmed the accusation and said yes! The cops looked at me and said they had to take him in for an evaluation! Craig sat in the back of a police car for almost a whole hour because the police were talking to Ron Slickers, guardian, over the phone; this all happened on April 29, 2011 at about 1:30 P.M. through 2:30 P.M. I remember looking at my watch and it was 2 P.M. and I thought that was unusual. I think that they did not really know what to do with him! Otherwise they would have taken him right away. It didn't make any sense to me at all. Craig ran away, or should I say he escaped, on March 25, 2011, and was on his way to Florida when he called me. There really is no proof that he went to Florida! And there is no proof that he was at my house except on the day in April, when the police confiscated him in my front yard. Craig looked great since he escaped from that first group home that he was in! They caught Craig on the 35th day; what a bummer that was! No rights, no freedom! Why? How could this be? When is Craig's turn to shine?

I went to court on a crisp, autumn day and I saw Ron Slickers, Craig's so called guardian. He, too, was waiting in line for paperwork to fill out.

In order to go to court now, there was paper work to fill out. Mr. Ron Slickers was with another client, as he is a guardian over several other people, not just Craig Woodsman. It was a very interesting day, as I learned that Mr. Ron Slickers is not the be all of what a guardian should be. What I'm saying is, is if he was such a good guardian, why would a client of his get in trouble with the law? My sentiments exactly. I still cannot visit or talk to Craig Woodsman over the phone! I begged Ron Slickers to talk with me, and he refused. When I called Ron Slickers over the telephone, he told me that he needed a witness for his own protection. Because I reported to Ron's supervisor in a letter, that Ron is mentally abusing me over the phone, and that I have concerns that Ron Slickers would not be in the best interest of

my boyfriend, Craig, as I feel that Ron is much too strict with Craig, my dearly beloved boyfriend, and that the supervisor should find someone more suitable, like me! I wasn't chosen because of an old felony on my record of thirty three years ago. And to this day, they still use it against me! That's why Craig and I need to leave this island, because we will never, ever be forgiven, even though they know we have changed! They do not forget and won't let us forget it, either. Craig, too, is an ex-felon. Bill Kenebie, is my eyewitness to the officer that put his grungy hands on me for no reason, other than to provoke me and make me look bad for all of the island to see! After I stood in line, I then had to go to the basement of the courthouse, and get fingerprinted and, again, I saw Ron Slickers and his client, as his client was also getting fingerprinted. The officer that viciously attacked me for no reason in July threatened to put me in jail, so he could make me look guilty and reckless in front of Mr. Ron Slickers! The police and Social Services all stick together, through thick and thin! The next day, I had to go to the hospital as I had trouble breathing! I had to pray to God to help me breathe once again! And through God's grace, I am alive! The officer did not get his wish to get me in jail, on a disorderly conduct charge, Thank God, for that, and my guardian angels watching over me, amongst all this evil and corruption that seems to surround me, each and every day as I struggle to survive such unforgiveness! And there is no clear remorse from the enemy. People want me to give up on Craig and move on! This was supposed to be a friend of Craig's that said this. Some friend; a loyal friend would not say such lunacy. That's how I feel about it.

I pled not guilty to fifth-degree assault, and now I'm on for a pre-trial, in the months, to follow. I wish myself, good luck. I'm innocent, and I'm afraid to go to jail for something I didn't do. It's a nightmare, for me, that doesn't seem to stop.

While Craig was enjoying so little freedom he had, in such a short time, I on the other hand was harassed exclusively by the police department. I was watched downtown, followed in my own neighborhood, and harassed even by telephone, and one day, there was a knock on my front door, around 7:30 A.M. when I was lying down in my own bed. The cop said, "Anna, tell Craig to come down here. I want to talk to him; he needs his medication!"

I said, "I think you need medication!" I told the cop I was going to take a bath and that Craig wasn't here in my house!

He said, "When was the last time you seen him?"

I said, "During a supervised visit, last month." Then he told me to throw a robe on and open the door! To get rid of him, I told him he's a racist, and his voice got louder and he left! I told him that the conversation is terminated and to go away, and he did finally go

away! This cop was loud and boisterous, after I called him a racist and that's all it took for him to fly off the handle!

The third time Craig ran away was cut short and this time, I did not recognize Craig. He had no hair and he was extremely obese, and he had a really big, fat belly. This was the result of the drugs he was on and the poor diet that he was getting or not getting! I took care of Craig since 2003, and he was always well within his normal weight at all times with me! The welfare will not respond to my requests of wanting to see and hear from Craig Woodsman. It is now the first day of autumn September 23, 2011. And I have not seen Craig since July 20, 2011. I talked to him over the telephone on August 29th, on a Monday I think, and he was discharged from the psych ward on August 30th, 2011. I have not talked to him for twenty seven days since the last phone call; twenty days and still counting. No one will help us; I've tried and I failed each time. And the welfare, and even the ombudsman, is in on the conspiracy to keep Craig away from me! And to keep Craig down seems to be their main goal. The ombudsman even yelled at me and shouted at me over the phone, and said, "If Craig ever runs away again, we'll lock him up for good!"

I said, "Well, don't tell me that. Tell Craig, because this is his life you are talking about!" I never ever want to talk to that ombudsman ever again; he sounds dangerous, if he had a brain, that is! His job is to help the mentally impaired, Well, he is not doing his job at all. Why does society let these people get away with such corruption and abuse? Your guess is as good as mine.

Just when I think it's the end, it starts again. The day before I was to go to court, which was January, 11th, I decided to go and visit Bill Kenebie, who was still at a nursing home, getting very obese day after day. I brought Bill a can of diet soda and we talked some. Of course, we didn't have much privacy again, as usual. There was a nurse in the room with us, hanging on to every word that came out of my mouth! I asked Bill to come to court with me, on the twelfth of January. Because the nurse was there in the room with us, Bill didn't really answer. I, of course, got some kind of flu-bug, so I ended up cancelling the court date at the last minute with success; I pulled it off. But unfortunately, Bill Kenebie ended up going to the hospital on the same day that I was to be in court, and I was very sick, so even when Bill would be calling me from the hospital to let me know that he would be there, I was too weak to even answer the phone; it was horrifying for me! And the sad news is, Bill Kenebie was my witness as to the fact that I got roughed up by a police officer! And now my witness, when he did not appear to even be sick, is now expired on January 20th! His brother told me he died! I did get a chance to see Bill on the 17th or the 18th, and that was the last day he was trying to talk, but was

unable to because Bill had tubes everywhere; in his nose and down his throat. And the tubes did not look to me, as if they were hooked up to anything! His oxygen level was only fifty four! The only proof I have is that he is dead! Bill Kenebie is dead! And now he is ashes! His brother just sat there when Bill Kenebie was just literally dying right before my very eyes! A male nurse came in and said, “We want Bill to breathe on his own.” Well, to me, that was just crazy because he wasn’t even on a life support machine! I had to go pick up my medications, before the pharmacy closed, so I said I must leave! His brother showed him the alphabet and I think Bill tried to spell S.O.S., and his brother said, “Bill, I can’t understand you.” His brother told me to pull up a chair, so of course, I sat down, but it was like Bill was suffering from lack of oxygen. I just can’t sit here and watch him die! When I finally got up the courage to leave, I couldn’t find the way out! I couldn’t believe this was actually happening! Why? Why did I feel so scared for Bill? And why did I feel yet so powerless? Furthermore, I wasn’t able to even tell Craig about it, because Craig’s guardian won’t let me have Craig’s phone number!!

Chapter Nine

I cannot talk to Craig's guardian unless he gets a witness to sit in with him, and they will put me on speakerphone, so the witness can hear what I have to say! And the guardian won't let me know anything about Craig! It seems he is only looking for information about my boyfriend, Craig! So that he, Mr. Ron Slickers, can somehow use it against me later on, if we all should go to court. It is as long as it may benefit the guardian, and hurt me, in the end. And on April fourth of this year, I saw Mr. Ron Slickers greet and meet with a police officer downtown. So something is definitely brewing, and I am not delusional either. I just hope Craig is still alive and well, considering his circumstance with the corrupt government. I was, or have been getting depressed, so I went to see a mental health therapist, and at only the third session, she had said I was delusional. Of course, I got very agitated, but not angry, like the therapist tried to imply! I simply told her that she was insulting my intelligence! And she was, and I could not believe this woman! She even implied that there was something wrong with my brain and that I need medication! I said to her that I already know what my diagnosis is, and it does not require any medication, and I left and of course, she stood by the door, to make sure I would leave. She also said my boyfriend is good-looking and she kept staring at him, like her eyes were fixated on his photo, which is not very professional of her! And I found her to be, just that: very unprofessional! She was very rude to me by asking me also what race Craig was. I take it she was trying to confuse me, and in the same breath, is insinuating that she does not approve of our interracial relationship. On December 6th, 2012, I ran into Craig up at the mall. He was dressed in pajamas and really old looking tennis shoes and a borrowed-looking winter jacket that he had on! I threw my arms around him, and I told him that I thought he was dead and that I was glad that he wasn't! Thank God! Craig told me he was back in the same group home he was placed in the first time; the place he ran away from the first time! But I was unable to hear or see him for another sixteen months!

When I did see him this year of 2015, his hair was gray and his belly looked like that of a pregnant woman who was about nine months pregnant ready to give birth; lack of exercise and poor diet, too. They won't let him go anywhere, it is absolutely horrible. But on a better note, the assault charges were finally dismissed. On August 24, 2012, I went to court with my utmost innocence; it was finally dismissed. Some judge asked me if I objected to the dismissal; can you believe that? I said, "No, and thank you." Now I'm waiting for Craig to hopefully be discharged—alive please!

“Killing Craig”

I

found myself sitting in a conference room,one day with Craig's guardian, and Ron, the guardian said to me, just out of the clear blue, how would you like to be on Craig"s medical team??I responded with what does that entail?

Ron then said, with a long pause, Well. And he began shuffling papers and then he just stopped…

As if it never were said or deserved an answer, MR. RON Slickers said nothing more! As if it never were said and it was after that no more contacts in person no over the telephone were to take place! That everything would be supervised. And no more phone calls were returned to me, and everything with the guardian was just totally shut off, and shut down. Even his new supervisor will not call me back. When I call them it goes directly to voice mail. It is all one-sided! Communication break down on their side, not mine! I've tried to be nice to these people and they won't talk to me. So end of story right?? Who knows about these people who work for the government?

They most likely want me to go away, but I refuse to.

I will be checking on Craig Woodsman, no one else will, not even his own family, so why not me???!!!

"Ken"
The dude who introduced us. Also known as Bill K.

When Craig lived with me, BEFORE PHOTO, Summer 2003, 34 years old

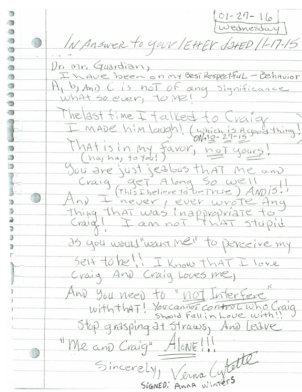
When Craig lived with me, BEFORE PIC, December 2004, 36 years old

When Craig lived with me, BEFORE PHOTO?!

Halloween, October 2014, My Funny Side

Craig during supervised visit, AFTER PHOTO, Summer 2010, 42 years old

Craig when we were together, BEFORE PHOTO, 2004, 35 years old



01-27-16
Wednesday

In Answer to your LETTER dated 1-17-15

Dr. Mr. Guardians,
I have been on my best Respectful - Behavior
My Mind is not of any significance
what so ever, to me!

The last time I talked to Craig
I made him laugh! (which is a good thing!
AM I? :-P)
THAT is in my favor, not yours!
(nay nay to you!)
You are just jealous that me and
Craig get along so well
(this I believe to be true) AND IS!!
And I never, ever wrote any
thing that was inappropriate to
Craig! I am not THAT stupid

So you would want me to perceive my
self to be!!! I know that I love
Craig And Craig loves me.
And you need to "NOT Interfere"
with that! You cannot control who Craig
should fall in love with!!
Stop grasping at Straws, And Leave
"Me and Craig" ALONE!!!

Sincerely, Vonna Cyfers

SIGNED: Anna Winters

11/17/2015

[redacted]
1018 E 7th St
Duluth, MN 55805

Ron Sickers
[redacted] Guardian
[redacted]

Re Craig [redacted]

I am requesting at this time that you not have contact with Craig Danielson due to that it appears that your contact is at times not constructive for him. At this point, I anticipate that I will review this situation again in approximately 3 months. My office number, if you wish to call regarding this matter, is [redacted]. The office telephone number of my supervisor, [redacted]. I have included information about my concerns, below. Thank you.

a) Adult Foster Care Staff report that he tends to become upset after your calls.

b) Your presence at the Adult Foster Care home last summer tended to cause significant disruption at the house.

c) Your sending of letters to Craig (my most recent example is from Aug 2014) contain inappropriate content for Craig.

Sincerely,

Ron Sickers

[redacted] Ron Sickers
[redacted] County

HUGHES - COUNTY

New family cat - male
"Cubby," born: 05-18-14
-born in my house-
"He's beautiful and very shy"

On furlough from prison
Taken on 07-10-1980
"25" years young
"I'm a future writer and proud author. Thank you. Learn. Enjoy. Progress!"

"Greatest Grandparents on Earth"
My grandparents - "The holiest people I have ever known." Amen.

Me and my 6th son, "Damien"
I have 3 girls and "3" sons left!
"Damien went to heaven"

"Me 'n' Ken taken in 2003"
In happier times.
(BFF)--Best Friends Forever.

"Damien Justice Anderson"
NEVER got the Justice he deserved!
I At least had him for eight years. Then--he was asphixiated in foster care!
"Example" of what can happen in the "injustice system" of government!